

The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL. XV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1922

No. 4

ST. JOE INSTALLS RADIO OUTFIT

CONCERTS TO BE A REGULAR FEATURE

Ever keeping pace with well founded enterprises in educational, athletic, and diversive movements, St. Joseph's has installed one of the finest radio outfits in any educational institution in the Middle West. The athletic director, Father Albin Scheidler, C. PP. S., who is supervising the work of construction, is leaving nothing undone to attain perfection in the movement.

With the present world wide interest in radio telegraphy it is perhaps a requisite for an institution of this kind to possess an outfit. The present interest shown by the students is a good criterion that this outfit will be an asset to St. Joe. In addition to the connection on the Basketball gallery which will insure the reports of athletic and ephemeral news, there will be an installment in Alumni Hall for musical concerts and other items of interest. It is hoped that concerts will be a regular feature.

Of special interest is the fact that several students and especially Stanley Polk, have assisted in preparing the antenna, which is 100 feet long and mounted on two 34 foot masts. The "lead-in" being 100 feet, makes the entire antenna 200 feet long. The machine has a receiving range of waves up to 1,000 meters. The "ground" will consist of a copper plate buried about six feet in the earth, which in turn is fastened to a rod driven 17 feet in the ground.

The tuning will be controlled by a "Gribe" regenerative circuit, using two stages of amplification. In addition to this there will be a "Western Electric Loud Speaker" employing three stages of amplification. In all there will be five such stages which will insure ample reproduction of the incoming waves.

The set will have a very wide radius and with good atmospheric conditions we should reach any station in the United States. Thus added interest and enthusiasm in the country's activities will begin with

To Our Readers

AND

Advertisers

WE WISH THE

Joys of the Yuletide Season

our first concert, which, it is hoped, will be before Christmas.

FOOTBALL SEASON SUCCESSFULLY ENDED

Characterized by genuine athletic spirit and very appropriate addresses, the mass-meeting prepared in recognition of the unusual success of the 1922 football squad was indeed a grand success. It served its laudable purpose, that of enkindling "pep" and enthusiasm in the athletic sphere at St. Joseph's.

Expressing his sincerest thanks to those who made possible this incentive to athletics, Father Albin Scheidler, C. PP. S., our zealous director, reviewed the season's successes, adding the hope of continued progress in all sports. Great applause met his promise of engagement of a permanent coach for this college.

Our enthusiastic president, Carl Willacker, delivered a few well-chosen remarks, and introduced the main speaker of the occasion, Mr. Henry Hipskind, an ardent alumnus.

Mr. Hipskind, truly a live-wire among the alumni, and ever striving for the cause of his Alma Mater, entered into a heart-to-heart talk with the students. Reviewing the trend of athletics since his graduation in 1911, Mr. Hipskind traced the steady progress of our athletics,

noting as an example the wonderful record of our former athlete, Fred J. Wellman, present fullback of Purdue University.

Nor did our friend forget the man "behind the guns," Father Scheidler, who, as Mr. Hipskind stated, fills the position of athletic director better perhaps, with our limited means, than any other can possibly do. Before completing his masterly address, Mr. Hipskind promised the whole-hearted support of the Alumni in any attempt to better athletics at St. Joe.

Captain Flynn headed the list of men who received letters for service on the grid-iron. This is Flynn's fourth award. Lucke, Pischke, Sullivan and O'Connor received their second awards in athletics, while letters were given for the first time to Hoban, Donnellan, Castillo, Madison, Fulton, Liebert, Hipskind and Aldrich.

After a rousing reception ex-captain Flynn addressed a few words to the students, acclaiming this year the very best on the gridiron during his three years on the varsity. Regretting the loss of Mr. Weier to the squad through early injuries, he introduced this hero of former years as our new captain for 1923. Mr. Weier pleased the students with encouraging words of response.

As a grand finale to the mass-meeting Father Albin extended to the football squad of '22 a hearty invitation to a banquet to be held the same day.

ST. XAVIER ORGANIZE TEAM

Although the followers of St. X have drifted down to a small number, still they, like their predecessors are determined to cope with the Varsity. A lively interest and spirit is manifest in all their games. The advisory board met on December 4 and picked the following as members of the representative team: Bauer, Grengler, Roof, Fortkamp, Marling, Wartinger, Pax, Kroeckel and Scharf. Joe Marling was elected captain of the team of '22 and '23.

Popular songs pass out quickly because people want a fresh air.



A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON

dear Hennery.

My wife and the undersigned will stand fer no more foolishness from you. When you told us you studied physics, we luffed, when you told us you knocked Annie Litics for a loop we thought that she was one of them tainted wimmin that pursue college boys, them college widows, but when you rite with your own flesh and I send you enouf money, to feed you brood that you ate up an exam we must put out foot down together. enouf without eatin any old rags or wood. Dropin unpleasant tropics I mite say that Jake Trumpit is in trouble with his wife. jake got a fur cote catalogue frum Chicago and his wife says he wus going to buy the new millinery a fur cote. Jake says he wus going to buy her one but she says men dont buy there wifves fur cotes no more. This just shows how observin wimmin are gettin. Your grandfather wont go to church no more bekause the new minister happened to utter that maximum, that the good die young. The new ministers father once did the above in a horse deal. Wile doin chores the other nite your grandfather furgot to limp when the big bull chased him. I've put him on the full dooty list. If the pension bord had seen him run he would be minus his stedy income. A book agent was thru town last weak trien to start a shakepere club and yur mother is interested. We bot the ford 4 sefl healin non punchurin tires frum the same agent. He almost persuaded me to git a dozen but your mother warned me to try 4 first. There wus a fire at the A and P last tuesday eve. we wus disappointed at first but as soon as the fire co. all got there and had opened anouf holes to git a good draft a xcellent fire wus enjoyed by all. Your mother says that Ned Nolkins has quit sittin around the grocery store so its time fer you to take off yur heavys. You say you are goin to study hard so you can make some society and ware a key. Dont squander no money on a key until you see if some my old ones will do. I also got an extra key

ring your grandfather gave me for Xmas.

Your afficksionate father
BORDON ROOM.

—Burr.

Pischke—"Say, there's a football player out here wants his picture taken."

Yusas—"Full face?"

Pischke—"No, half back."

"Fate certainly has a large vocabulary."

"Yes, I've told him he should take more exercise."

Uhrich—"Say Tom, can I borrow your hat again?"

Tom—"Sure, why the formality?"

Uhrich—"Oh, I can't find it."

A Promising Boy

First Student—"There's a lad with good stuff in him."

Second Student—"Let's follow him; maybe we can find out where he got it."

Gallagher (anxiously) — "Please leave me alone."

Geyer (sorrowfully)—"I can't. I tried to secure a loan myself the other day, but failed absolutely."

Wagner—"I'm going to sue my English teacher for libel."

Ver Wayne—"What for?"

Wagner—"He wrote on my English composition, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents.'"

Fat Buckley (in movies to Shorty Bowman behind him)—"Can't you see, Shorty?"

Shorty—"Not a thing."

Buckley: Keep your eyes on me and laugh when I do."

Prof.—"Has anyone else a question?"

Zahnle—"Yes, what time is it?"

Absent, But Not Forgotten

"I'm right proud of my son at College. He's one of the most popular young fellows there," said Mr. Bastin, proudly.

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the neighbor.

"Yes, he recently gave a big dinner-dance in my honor at one of the most fashionable hotels in Rensselaer."

"Were you there?"

"No, I was not."

"Well, where do you come in?"

"I paid for it."

The annual yarn about squirrels storing golf balls for nuts is coming from Manchester, Me., this year.

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HOW I CAME TO ST. JOE

'Tis only four short years ago
That I departed for St. Joe
And sadly had to bid adieu
To kindred dear, and start anew.

A College representative
Called at the house where I did live,
And speaking long about St. Joe
Convinced me that I ought to go.

He pictured things in such a wise,
I thought it must be paradise;
My misconception, I confess,
Was learned when I could not re-
dress.

"'Tis all so wonderful and grand,"
He said, "We have a splendid band;
We often give fine picture shows,
And grant you plenty of repose."

This flowery speech enticed me so,
I hopped the rattler for St. Joe;
I left Ohio, dearest land,
For country swept by wind and sand.

The College towers, truly fair,
I saw when nearing Rensselaer
They seemed impressive, noble high,
While silhouetted 'gainst the sky.

I reached the College, bought some
books,
Then searched for all the hidden
nooks;
Each building did I scrutinize
In viewing so-called paradise.

The pleasure all, could I but tell!
But that annoying, jangling bell,
That bell which roused me from my
sleep,
Just when I sank in slumber deep.

Oh, what a joy the College course,
If that most undesired force
That snatches sleep away from us
Would cease to make so loud a fuss!

But, tell me what St. Joe would be,
Without her buns, without her tea,
Without her pies and cakes and
spuds,
Without her coffee topped with suds!
Albin Ratermann, S. Ed.

THE DIRGE OF THE SEA.

Far up the Labrador coast a rocky
tongue of land extends into the sea.
It breaks off sharply from the bar-
ren plains as if dissatisfied with
their company and projects itself
into the open ocean to divide each
wave as it runs in toward the shore.
At high tide this strip is partly cov-
ered by water, but the rocks are
not submerged enough to permit a
ship to pass safely over them.
Around it are swift and treacher-

ous undercurrents into which many
boats are drawn and dashed to piec-
es on the rocks.

Many leagues below this reef is
a little fishing-village from which the
schooner "Dorothea" slipped away
one morning early in winter. She
worked steadily upward, and next
day, just before twilight she came
abreast the reef. It can scarcely be
imagined what a desolate scene it
now made in the waning light of
day. The massive boulders proudly
raise bare heads in scorn to the
futile scourging of the waves against
their sides and seem like an eternal
challenge to the passing vessel. There
they stand, untiring guard over
their prey, the wreckage of many a
goodly ship, and yet they seem to
gloat for more. Oh! would not the
fair "Dorothea" make a dainty mors-
el. So forlorn is the aspect of this
abandoned region that the fishermen,
who, sitting on the deck in reverie,
gaze at the jutting crags outlined
in the distance, imagine them to be
the spires of a city, which they
called Necropolis. It is indeed a
city of the dead, for many are the
men who have no tombstones, other
than the rocks on which their bones
were cast to bleach, but now as if
in reverential memory to them, they
reflected purple and gray from the
crimson sky where the sun has just
gone down.

With many vague fancies still in
their minds the fishermen drop
anchor in a quiet little inlet. Great
shrewdness is shown in selecting
this place, for here the icy Labrador
current veers toward shore, and the
fish anxious to escape its swiftness,
invade this sheltered bay in shoals.
Each cast of the net yields great
numbers of fish, wriggling and
squirming in a vain effort to escape
the meshes. It is pleasant work for
the men, but now they must hurry
as the coldness is increasing and
already a thin sheet of ice is form-
ing on the surface of the placid bay.

When the hatches of the schooner
are finally filled, and everything
made snug, the sea is pitching tre-
mendously and the wind threatens
to rip the canvas from tip to tail,
but with a might effort the gallant
little ship gets under way. The
breakers soon lash themselves into a
fury. Then nature, as if wishing to
obscure the struggle of the elements
lets fall an impenetrable current of
darkness. In spite of all opposition
she continues on her way. Some-
times she is blown far out of her
course by the wintry blast, but al-
ways she returns to the fray and
fights southward. Next her wings
are clipped, her mast cut away, it
strikes the water with a splash and

is soon left far astern, but still the
conflicting elements are unappeased.
The men, each a tried seaman, di-
vide the time in offering silent pray-
ers to only One Whom they know
could create a calm, all the while
shuddering in fear of their obvious
end. Yet, the stricken vessel ap-
proaches nearer and nearer the
dangerous rocks. The pilot blinded
by the blowing snow, long since has
fallen exhausted beside his wheel,
and the boat now drifts aimlessly
about.

Helplessly and as if resigned to
her fate, the "Dorothea" is borne on
the crest of the waves. Soon she
is off the reef, but the darkness pre-
vents anyone from seeing it. No
good would come of it, if it were
so shattered by fear, that none
seen, for the nerves of the men were
would have strength to pilot the
half-wrecked vessel away from the
dismal shore. All is suspense, how-
ever, within the cabin, as some hear
the scrape of pebbles. The dim oil-
lamp that hangs from the ceiling
only serves to render the scene more
ghastly, and the men multiply their
fears. Suddenly, without the warn-
ing spray against the portholes a
huge breaker strikes the ship, an-
other and she is caught in the swirl-
ing eddies. Spiraling for a few
seconds, she is dashed against a
huge rock and the "Dorothea" is no
more. Her timbers are broken in
a thousand splinters and scattered
carelessly about, while the fishermen
are silently swallowed up by the
angry sea. Then as if satisfied with
the sacrifice the sky clears a little
and a few clouds break. However,
the breakers with a mournful melo-
dy, seemingly conscious of the sad-
ness of the hour roll, and suddenly
with a swish vanish between the
rocks. When the surface of the
water is cleared of all wreckage, the
elements once more resume their
struggle, and the dirge of the sea
goes on forever.

—George Rick, '26.

Auld Lang Syne

Oh, that little boy loved tennis,
And his name was Joseph Hennes,
The prince among few
Was Joseph true blue!

Gum he chewed with all his vigor
Grim opponents feared his rigor,
The racket he'd wield,
Their face they would shield!

When he grew sedate and wary,
Leaving for the Seminary,
His racket felt blue
When he bade it adieu.

—Henry Ebertshauer, '24.

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana

Collegeville, Ind., December 16, 1922

EDITORIALS

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

—Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Into the little village of Bethlehem, on a solemn mid-night came a Babe—the Maker and the Saviour of mankind. Save the Immaculate Virgin and holy Joseph none were there to meet Him. The great and solemn stillness of the night—that night that before no name had warn, pierced by the Choirs of Cherubim and Seraphim resounded with praise in those angelic words "Hosanna in Excelsi" from thence a happy name received, for in the stable lay new born the peaceful Babe—the Prince of heaven and earth. This was centuries ago.

Today, out of the calm and silent night a thousand chimes ring out, throwing their joyous peals abroad, they smite the darkness charmed and holy now, and as the angels' song "Hosanna in the Highest" is again reverberated through the land every joyous heart is doubly gay for on this day Christ, our Lord, did come.

As to that Babe kings and humble sheperds brought odors of Edom, offerings divine and humble servitude, so do we today offer unto the Babe divine our greatest love and servitude.

What joy! what peace! what hap-

piness! does this blessed season offer to those who deign to receive. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man," sang those heavenly Choirs centuries ago, yet today peace does not reign over all the earth, nor is good will the sovereign rule among all men, but let us rejoice for today is born to us a Saviour. Let us with the Seraphs' praise and hallow Him.

THE ART OF TRANSLATING

It was discovered during one of the Editor's leisure hours. One of those in which he had "nothing in particular to do." It was discovered in his library—there, where are stored "the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn."

Picking up Arlo Bates' "Talks on English Writing," the Editor thought with Burns: "Perhaps it may turn out a sang, perhaps turn out a sermon." However it proved to be neither, but instead a gem. After admiring every color-combination of this treasure, he now takes the liberty of turning the most brilliant side face to face with his readers. Bates says:

"It is going a little out of our way to comment here on the translation which comes into school work, but a word may not be amiss. It is always to be remembered, both by teacher and by pupil, that translation involves two languages, and one as fully as the other. Too often work of this sort is done as if the foreign language was the one to be considered exclusively.

"Students are allowed to give an approximate meaning of the Latin or the French which they are reading, putting their so-called translation into a verbal jargon which uses the English vocabulary, but is no more English than the dictionary becomes a poem from having in it the words used in poetry.

"This is unfair to the student in several ways. It makes him hate what he is doing; it prevents his ever having anything like a proper or true idea of the value of the literature which he is mangling out of a foreign tongue into mongrel English. It destroys his feeling for his own language, and it makes it all but impossible for him to be taught English composition.

"More than one teacher who agonizes in spirit over the themes his pupils, wondering why it is seemingly so impossible to teach them might find an answer to the perplexing question by considering the English into which they are allowed to render the work in the languages. If pupils are let to

translate from French and German and Latin into a sort of school-room dialect, inexact, unidiomatic and lifeless, it is gross stupidity to expect that they will fail to be influenced by this. A pupil's education is a unit.

"As long as it is assumed that his training in the languages is one thing, in mathematics another, and in geography or history a third, there is a constant loss of energy in counteracting the effects of this mistake. Every branch must be taught with a view to every other; and especially evident is it, that in all teaching the matter of the proper use of the language of the learner should be kept always in sight.

"The translation which injures the pupil's use of his own tongue does him harm which cannot be atoned for by any knowledge it gives him of another."

No man can get a blessing and keep it to himself without having it like stagnant water in his soul; but if it overflows to others it shall become a perennial spring to himself and to the world.—W. M. Smith.

If knowledge is power a great number of us are paralytics.—The Fun Book.

The most pitiful sight is a woman's struggle with old age.—The Fun Book.

NEWMAN'S PRESENT FIRST PUBLIC PROGRAM.

A Two Reel Comedy Presented
Through Courtesy of the
Princess Theatre.

On the evening of December 8, the Newman Literary Society presented their first public performance of the year. Raymond Yeager, the President entertained the students in a most pleasing manner in the rendition of his inaugural address, "My Idea of College Life." A tableaux of the Immaculate Conception, presented by the Junior Choir, was a feature that we cannot pass by here, without congratulating the Junior Songsters. The closing number, "The Sleep Walker" added much to the success of the evening's performance.

That the Newman's are really up to the minute, may be gathered from the fact that they succeeded in securing through the courtesy of the Princess Theatre, a two reel comedy, "The Rent Collector," which was presented "between acts." All told it was a splendid evening's entertainment. Come again Newman's, we are waiting.

WITH THE BARDS SUBLIME

A Boarding School Hymn

The coffee is weak
The butter is strong
The pie is thin
The dishes are thick
The plates are large
The portions are small
The eggs are stale
The waiters are fresh
But I owe a bill
So I have to be still!

No greater love hath any man,
Than that which makes him wait
And greet with cheery smile his
wife,
Although she's four hours late.

Verse Liberal by Francis L. Fate

I gaze down
At
My feet.
I ponder,
Thinking.
How far away
They seem.
Can all the
Rest,
That lies,
Between, be
ME?

As the poet says:

Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness;
While some grate upon us.

Souvenir

(With Apologies.)

The old-fashioned dress suit
Spent four years in college;
And oh, what a knowledge
Of parties it owns!
I lent it to Harold,
To Bob, and to Jimmie
And once when a Junior,
I wore it myself!

The old-fashioned dress suit—
The much-borrowed dress suit
The moth-eaten dress suit
That hangs in the press.

To Be or Not To Be
I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are
For a Could Be is a Maybe
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have been by far,
For a Might Have Been has never
been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Flivver Facts

A bouncing, a jouncing,
A creak and a crack
A swagger, a stagger,
A blow in the back.

A knocking, a rocking,
A jolt and a jar.
A jiggle, a joggle,
A deuce of a car.

E. F. Duvall, D.D.S.

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SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE

1. Name two dozen things never found.

A fisherman that doesn't lie. A slicker with brains. A concise woman. A happy married man. A weak-voiced baby. A good conversationalist that isn't a liar. A boy that likes to have his face washed. A pleasure that isn't wicked. A golfer that doesn't use profanity. A barber that isn't a bore. Lovers that don't act foolish around each other. Fate with tobacco and matches. A girl that admits that she is ugly. A reformer that doesn't make good money. A woman that doesn't gossip. An honest bootlegger. A rich man that doesn't act niggardly. A person that takes advice. A middle aged person that doesn't give advice. A woman that doesn't lie about her age. Roach saying that he isn't going to flunk. An exam covering the ground you have studied. The prefect forgetting to ring the bell in the morning.

2. Which is correct, "Two pairs of shoes" or "two pair?"

Strictly the plural of "pair" is "pairs," but custom allows "pair" to be used.

3. What are seven new wonders of the world?

WONDER WHETHER a New Yorker ever found it necessary to walk a mile for a cigarette.

WONDER HOW many "Americans" know the words of our national anthem.

WONDER IF a cow-catcher ever earned its title by really catching and thereby saving the life of a cow.

WONDER WHEN a motion picture producer will admit that his latest release cost less than a million dollars.

WONDER WHY the author of "Success" articles resides in a furnished room.

WONDER WHAT the news reels would do if all dare-devil aviators suddenly resigned from their positions.

WONDER WHEN St. Joe will have a 100 per cent "Cheer" subscription list.

4. How did the Liberty bell become cracked?

The Liberty Bell, cast in 1752, was twice recast in 1753 because of becoming cracked. It again became cracked in 1835 while being tolled in memory of Chief Justice Marshall.

5. If love is a cocktail to the average man, what is marriage?

The sensation he experiences after his twentieth drink.

6. What is the best proof that a man is getting old?

It has been suggested that the best proof that he is getting old is when he begins to sigh over the pictures in his album.

7. Give a suggestion that would prove a wonderful thing for the world.

It would be a wonderful thing for the world if some great man would tell how he did it, and not say it was because of saving and early rising.

8. What is the area of New York City?

The total area of Greater New York is 308 square miles.

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HARRY A. WILD, Prop.

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Season Basketball Schedule

With but a few days remaining before the first game, Coach Kirk has cut the number of Rep aspirants from the original forty-five to twelve men. Between these a spirited fight is on for regular berths on the Varsity.

Manager Daley has left nothing undone in the arrangement of a schedule for the season. To date twelve games have been scheduled, while efforts to contract games with two other teams are being made. The schedule follows:

	O.	S. J.
All Saint's (Hammond) at St. Joseph's, Dec. 17.....	-----	-----
Weidner Institute at St. Joseph's, Dec. 19.....	-----	-----
St. Joseph's at Hammond (All Saint's), Jan. 10.....	-----	-----
St. Cyril Club (Whiting- at St. Joseph's, Jan. 13.....	-----	-----
Loyola University at St. Joseph's, Jan. 20.....	-----	-----
St. Joseph's at Lafayette (Y. M. P. C.), Jan. 25.....	-----	-----
St. Joseph's at Loyola, (Chicago), Feb. 3.....	-----	-----
St. Joseph's at Whiting, Feb. 7.....	-----	-----
South Bend Business College at St. Joseph's, Feb. 10.....	-----	-----
St. Joseph's at Weidner, Feb. 16.....	-----	-----
Y. M. P. C. at St. Joseph's, Feb. 20.....	-----	-----
St. Joseph's at South Bend, Feb. 24.....	-----	-----

WITH OUR FRIEND, THE JETER

Fate: "I want you to know that I sprang from a line of peers."

Zahnlé: "Well, I jumped off a dock once myself."

Gallagher: "This is Class Room 7, our examination room."

Visitor: "My, what a musty smell it has."

Gallagher: "Yes, many hopes lie buried here."

"I became father of a boy yesterday," remarked the barber, gently hinting for a tip.

"Well, well," said the customer, "here's a dime for the little shaver."

One Exception

Prof.: "Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

Bright Soph.: "I have, Prof."

Prof.: "What is it?"

Bright Soph.: "Thirty days."

—Punch Bowl.

Going into the horse-barn, the Prefect found Jonesku with a notebook and pencil in his hand, sitting astride one of the horses.

"Jonesku," he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," replied Jonesku.

"Well," why don't you write it in the library?"

"Because," answered Jonesku, "Father told us to write a composition on a horse."

Testing his pupils' knowledge of English, the Professor in English I, asked: "And what is an egg?"

"An egg," answered Wagner, "is a chicken not yet."

Wonder if the fellow with an iron constitution feels rusty after drinking a gallon of water.

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and Tobacco. Bunte and Whitman
Candies.

"THE WATCHER AT THE GATE"

Joyce Kilmer Players Stage Splendid Drama.

The Joyce Kilmer Players of Chicago, heralded as an excellent cast, eclipsed all towering hopes in their presentation of "The Watcher at the Gate" on Sunday, December 3. Incited by an appreciative audience which filled every seat on both floors, the players displayed superior dramatic ability, winning the admiration of all. This, the first appearance of a mixed cast on our stage, opened a new vista of entertainment at St. Joseph's.

Delightfully novel in itself, the play conveys many wholesome lessons. It is a most powerful attack upon the ever-growing practice of Spiritism, exposing as it does the fraud and chicanery of this so-called new religion. A gifted son is prevailed upon by his relatives to read his new novel, in which they are the characters. With masterly skill the reading is blended into the play proper.

This honored son, out of curiosity, becomes interested in Spiritism. His medium, a dearest friend, is brought completely under his control. Enraged, this son exclaims that he is almost persuaded to kill a good friend in an adjoining room. His medium hears these words, unknown

to the speaker, and forthwith, under complete control, fatally wounds the friend. The medium is found guilty, and is hanged. This, the price of a kind friend experiment with Spiritism.

A tragic end indeed, yet the closing scene is again set in the parlor, with the son asking for criticism on his new novel, just read. The audience, in hushed awe at the tragic termination of the play, is most agreeably surprised at this novel finale. With this happy scene terminates "The Watcher at the Gate," in plot extremely novel, in presentation very laudable, in lesson most convincing.

ST. JOE JUNIORS

HUMBLE HAMMOND

In a game featured by little more than the largest score of the season, our Junior football eleven swept Hammond Central High School before them by the uneven score of 83-0, on Wednesday, November 29. Francis Weier carried the ball over for our first touchdown only three minutes after the start of the game, and from that time on the game was merely a drill in addition tables.

Though Hammond was outweighed slightly, this fact does not detract from the honor of the victory which is shared with the team by their zealous coach, Mr. Aldrich.

The acme of the Juniors' power was displayed when they smashed their way to two touchdowns in as many minutes. M. Deshone, F. Weier and McGuire registered three touchdowns each, while Monahan, Reardon, Lyon and Hipkind contributed one each to the huge score. Reardon kicked goal twice, Riedy three times.

The Hammond lads are to be commended for their pluck and spirit evidenced to the very end. Though hopelessly outclassed, they fought on desperately, thus adding to our honor, and indirectly exhibiting in our Juniors very promising Varsity men. The game was a fitting close to a very successful year in Junior football activities.

Thirsty days hath September,
April, June and November;
The other months are thirty, too,
Unless you make your own homebrew!

Fall is the season we find moths
got fat on moth balls.

We live expensively to impress
people who live expensively to impress us.

In Bayonne, N. J., a homebrew college was found. Graduation was held at the jail.

Hunt the bright side. Shirts stay
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